

Sheridan (Right Hon. Richard B. S.)

A

[Pizarro]

K

2

CRITIQUE

ON THE

TRAGEDY OF PIZARRO,

AS REPRESENTED AT

DRURY LANE THEATRE,

WITH SUCH

Uncommon Applause.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A NEW PROLOGUE,

THAT HAS NOT YET BEEN SPOKEN.

Now then for my magnificence! my battle! my noise! and my pro-
cession!

CRITIC.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. MILLER, OLD BOND STREET,

1799.

[Price One Shilling.]

CHRONICLE

TRAGEDY OF PHAEDRA

ORIENTAL THEATRE

WITH NOTES



A. W. D. PROLOGUE

THE HISTORY OF THE EAST

THE HISTORY OF THE EAST

THE HISTORY OF THE EAST

THE HISTORY OF THE EAST

THE HISTORY OF THE EAST

THE HISTORY OF THE EAST

THE HISTORY OF THE EAST

(vi)
PROLOGUE.

TO BE SPOKEN BY ANY BODY, IN THE CHARACTER
OF A PUPPET-SHOW MAN.

~~~~~  
WALK in, walk in, pray, gentlemen and ladies;  
Though puffing, you may think, a show-man's trade is,  
Yet, on my honour, if you will but stay,  
You'll see what does not happen every day.  
Grown gentlemen and ladies, pray walk in;  
Our puppet-show's "just going to begin;"  
My little *mistresses*, and *masters* too,  
Walk in, the entertainment's fit for you.  
Here shall you see how neatly we have spread  
Our *English* gilt on *German* gingerbread;  
And when you hear our *trumpets* sound for battle,  
Shall soon be *wean'd* from *coral-bells* and *rattle*.  
Now, gentlefolks, behind the curtain peep;  
The lady you see there, is fast asleep;  
Sweetly she sleeps, though war and death surround her,  
Close to her nose a four-and-twenty pounder.  
Next, you the Temple of the Sun behold:  
Who says, that "all which glitters is not gold?"  
See through the roof, along a magic wire,  
Straight down from Heav'n descends a ball of fire.  
Fear not—The Priests to fire are quite enur'd,  
And, for the Virgins, see, they're all *insur'd*.  
Then you shall have what children take delight in,  
Upon the stage, some pretty small-sword fighting;  
Anvil on hammer each by turns shall knock,  
Fierce as the heroes of St. Dunstan's clock;

Or,

Or, if we may compare small *toys* with great,  
The *wooden* butcher thumps the ox's pate.

Fine speeches you shall have, both loud and long,  
Thunder and lightning, and, between, a song;  
Which proves that thunder, and that lightning too,  
Have a fine taste for music—just like you;  
And you shall have, the more to raise your wonder,  
(Pray, let the *novelty* excuse the *blunder*,)  
Sometimes the *lightning* first, sometimes the *thunder*.

In short, whilst we your *eye-sight* are commanding,  
We shall not much *fatigue* your *understanding*;  
And though, like modest men, we can't be sure  
None of our *tricks* you may have seen before,  
In this at least our pantomime is *new*,  
We give you *five* long acts instead of *two*;  
Five *ling'ring* acts stuff'd full of stage *devices*,  
Five acts of pantomime—at *playhouse* prices!!!

CRITIQUE,



## CRITIQUE,

&c.

**T**HE play of Pizarro, which has excited so much public curiosity and applause, being now submitted to dispassionate perusal, let us see how far the extravagant praise bestowed on it in the theatre can with justice be echoed from the closet; and stripping it of the pomp of procession, the glitter of scenery, and the noise of music, sacred and profane; let us, unprejudiced by the voice of the multitude, and unawed by the authority of a name, examine this singular production.

The first scene opens with a magnificent view of the Spanish camp and a pavilion

B

near

near it, on one side of which Elvira is discovered sleeping: when the audience have been allowed a reasonable time to admire the scenery, Valverde, who is described to be Pizarro's secretary, entering, kneels, and attempts to kiss the hand of the sleeping fair.—Considering all circumstances, it is not very probable that she should have indulged, at that crisis, her country custom of taking a siesta, or that, if she had been so disposed, the officious Secretary would have ventured so rude an intrusion; but, as Mr. Puff observes\*, “Smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening.” We are however led to expect from his impudence that his business is urgent; but after waking her, he proceeds to inquire by what

---

\* DANGLE.

But pray, are the centinels to be asleep?

PUFF.

Fast as watchmen.

SNEER.

Isn't that odd, though at such an *alarming crisis*?

PUFF.

To be sure it is; but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening; that's a rule.

*Critic.*

magic

magic Pizarro had gained her heart. This produces much useful information to the audience from both the personages, who inform one another of a great number of facts, with which, from their nature, they must be both already well acquainted; but as “\* the audience are not supposed to know any thing of the matter,” it might be hypercritical to object to this long-established mode of conveying information, which, in some shape or other, is absolutely necessary, and is not, I think, detailed with more dulness in this than in the generality of modern tragedies. If our readers should wish to see a perfect scene of this kind, we must refer them to a most admirable one between Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton in the piece before alluded to. We are next introduced to Pizarro, who enters with the usual flourish of trumpets. This scene, like the former one, is occupied with enlightening the audience with a sketch of the life and character of Alonzo. After another flourish of trumpets the priest Las-Casas and the Spanish Generals claim our

---

\* Critic.

attention ; one of the latter exclaims—  
 “ Battle ! battle ! then death to the armed,  
 and chains for the defenceless ! ” This ap-  
 pears to me a little ambiguous ; but is ex-  
 plained by the next speaker, who replies,  
 “ Death to the whole Peruvian race ! ” but  
 this explanation is quite spoiled by the third  
 speaker, who says, “ Yes, General ; the  
 attack, and instantly ! Then shall Alonzo,  
 basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our  
 suffering, and scorn our force. ”—How  
 Alonzo is to be induced to this by “ bask-  
 ing at his ease,” is above my humble com-  
 prehension\*.

The

---

\* We hope our readers, in comparing the two fol-  
 lowing passages, will think the coincidence entirely ac-  
 cidental.

PIZARRO.

It appears we are agreed.

ALMAGRO AND DAVILLA.

We are.

GONZALO.

All ! Battle ! Battle !

*Pizarro.*

EARL OF LEICESTER.

Then are we all resolv'd ?

ALL.

We are ; all resolv'd.

EARL



The other part of this scene is consumed by a long and tedious appeal of Las-Cafas to the humanity of his countrymen, which finding ineffectual, he concludes with a threat that he will hide himself in caves and forests, and commune with tigers and savage beasts, and retires to cultivate this new society, dropping a fly hint at the same time, that they will meet at the day of judgment. Gomez now enters, who gives the following circumstantial, not to say logical, account of having taken a Peruvian :  
 “ On yonder hill among the palm-trees I have surpris’d an old Cacique ; escape by

---

EARL OF LEICESTER.

To conquer, or be free ?

ALL.

To conquer, or be free.

EARL OF LEICESTER.

All ?

ALL.

All.

DANGLE.

*Nem. con.* Egad !

PUFF.

O yes ; when they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.

*Critic.*

flight

flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting."—After saying he had surpris'd an old man, we might of ourselves infer, that "escape by flight he could not," and it is yet less necessary to add, "he seized him and his attendant unresisting." It reminds us of, though it does not equal, a passage\* we have elsewhere met with. The old Cacique is now brought in, and the dialogue of this scene is very spirited, and reflects a temporary gleam on the uniform flatness which has preceded it; yet no sooner do we feel a warm interest in the fate of the man, and are led to hope for a much longer acquaintance, than, to our great mortification, he is suddenly massacred, and we are left to regret that one of the best scenes in the play has little to do with the business of it. We have now a short dialogue, which says nothing, between Elvira and the Secretary; and a long soliloquy by the lady, the latter part of which, I think, verges close upon incomprehensibility.

---

\* GOVERNOR.

The Spanish fleet thou canst not see—because

—It is not yet in sight.

*Critic.*

The

The second act opens with a very pretty family picture—Cora sitting at the root of a tree, playing with her child, and Alonzo looking over them. After a tender dispute between the father and mother, which of them the infant most resembles, they amuse the audience with that sort of domestic tittle tattle, which, though perhaps perfectly natural, is very dull and insipid to all but the parties concerned. “When first the white blossoms of his teeth appear breaking the crimson buds that did incase them,” is to me rather a ludicrous description of a child’s cutting his teeth. The rage for introducing babes upon the stage has of late years so considerably increased, that I expect some author of great infantine genius will soon boldly lay the scene in the nursery at once. After another flourish of trumpets (for of whatever nation the hero may be, he is always announced by the trumpet\*),

---

\* As noise is the principal thing considered in this kind of music, I would recommend to the attention of the managers an instrument much used in Africa; a sort of horn formed of a large tooth of the elephant, which makes a sound, I am credibly informed, never likely to be exceeded by any thing but by the last trumpet.



Rolla, the Peruvian hero, interrupts the matrimonial duet for the purpose of making a trio, which, if possible, is still more "flat and unprofitable." However, to make rich amends for the two preceding scenes, we are now presented with the Temple of the Sun, where the whole of the Peruvian *Dramatis Personæ* soon after assemble. Ataliba their king, who appears to be "no orator, as Brutus was," desires Rolla to make the soldiers a speech, and he begins a very long one by premising that "words were never so little needed." Whilst the fine declamation of the first actor of the age resounded in my ear, I could find little to admire in this flaming harangue, except the comparison of the vulture and the lamb, which I thought, and still think, a very fine image; but which may be met with, much better expressed, in Mr. Sheridan's famous speech on the impeachment of Mr. Hastings. On a serious perusal of this oration, and having no longer the magnificence of Peruvian idolatry before my eyes, I cannot help thinking it is not so well adapted to the corps in the Temple, as it would be to the Temple corps, or any other of  
the



the present loyal affociations; for, throughout, the facts appear to me to be distorted or supplied, and adapted to a much more recent series of events than the conquest of Peru. They next proceed to "consecrate the banner." The High-priest begins an invocation, which is followed by chorusses of Priests and Virgins. A ball of fire lights upon the altar, and the whole assembly\* then

---

\* PUFF.

Hush! in great emergencies,  
There is nothing like a prayer.

EARL OF LEICESTER.

O mighty Mars! assist thy votary now.

GOVERNOR.

Yet do not rise—hear me!

MASTER OF HORSE.

And me!

KNIGHT.

And me!

SIR WALTER.

And me!

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

And me!

PUFF.

Now, pray all together.

ALL.

Behold thy votaries submissive beg  
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask,

c

Assist

then join in a thanksgiving. This is Tragedy!!! To introduce fire falling from *heaven* at the invocation of *mankind*, is a stride of fancy which gives us room to hope that in the course of the next season we shall be presented with the *Deity* in *propria persona*. This is a flight beyond criticism. We attempt not to soar

“ Above the visible diurnal sphere.”

Had it been introduced into a pantomime, it might have been a subject for the exercise of human judgment. Can there be a more bitter satire against the general incidents of the piece, than that this most extraordinary one should have passed without rebuke? Shall we say of the whole of this scene, that it “ \* goes entirely for what we call *situation* and *stage effect*, by which the *greatest applause* may be obtained without the assist-

---

Assist them to accomplish all their ends,  
And sanctify whatever means they use  
To gain them.

PUFF.

Vastly well, gentlemen—Is that well managed or not? have you such a prayer as that on your stage?

SNEER.

Not *exactly*.

\* Critic.

Critic.

ance

ance of language, sentiment, or character?" Who could have supposed the adapter would have exceeded the liberal limits \* he had himself prescribed to theatrical absurdity, or that whilst he was most happily ridiculing the nonsense of others, he was indulging a prophetic laugh at the tragedy of Pizzaro, and was not aware of the extent of his own genius? The ceremony being over, and news brought of the approach of the enemy, the King finds his courage rise, and begins a speech himself, in the following words: " My brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valour." This miscellaneous mode of considering the same persons in different views of relationship who are no relations at all, is undoubtedly very ingenious, but not perfectly new†. The scene

that

\* PUFF.

But what the plague! A play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that, though they never did, they might happen.

SNEER.

Certainly, nothing is unnatural that is not physically impossible.

*Critic.*

† TILBURINA.

And thou, my Whiskerandos, shouldst be father,



that follows provokes no observation, except as to a slight difference of opinion with respect to the word of battle, Alonzo exclaiming, "For the King and Cora;" and Rolla, with more gallantry, but less loyalty, "For Cora and the King." These two gentlemen, though bosom friends, do not settle this point of military etiquette with that mutual good understanding I have somewhere seen done by two mortal enemies\*. The rest of this act will be read with little emotion of any kind. The incidents, though some of them are new, depend entirely upon bustle and scenery, and the introduction of the second Old Man and his Grandson, like that of the Cacique in the first act, gives us a mere glimpse of an interesting character, of which we are to see no more. The King's address to Rolla on presenting him with his sun of diamonds, which the Spaniards seem to have left him for that

---

and mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt, and friend to me! *Critic.*

\* WHISKERANDOS.

Vengeance and Tilburina.

BEEF-EATER.

Exactly so.

*Critic.*  
purpose,



purpose, is formal enough, but the concluding thought is pretty and natural.

The third act opens with the triumphant return of the Peruvians to the retreat of their women among the rocks, where Cora is informed of Alonzo having been made prisoner; and they all repair to the Temple for another general thanksgiving. We are next introduced to Cora and her child in a wood, and Rolla entering informs her he attends her summons at the appointed spot. They do not, however, appear in the preceding scene to have made any appointment, nor indeed has any time intervened for that or any other purpose; a mistake that might be easily rectified by making them come in together, and omitting any mention of an assignation. Having met, Rolla informs her that he had pledged his word to Alonzo to take Cora for his wife, and be a father to his child, if he should fall in battle. I can see nothing in this that can possibly awaken suspicion in Cora, who is represented as a character of the most guileless simplicity of heart, who appears hitherto to have felt the most unbounded veneration

neration for Rolla, and chiefly from a circumstance, which, of all others, would have made it impossible for her to suppose him guilty of the paltry artifice she now ascribes to him, that of having, after she was betrothed to him, when he might have married her, generously resigned her to his friend. She cannot, however, get this jealous whim out of her head, and determines to go and turn up all the dead bodies of the slain till she finds Alonzo, and “shriek out his name till her veins snap;” that is, I suppose, till she breaks a blood-vessel; a bold figure certainly, if my conjecture is right; if not, the passage is to me unintelligible. The ensuing scene, between Elvira and Pizarro, is spirited; the succeeding one, with Alonzo, does not (except in the fine speech where he describes the improvement of the Peruvians) differ materially from the customary ones between a tyrant and a prisoner, in which they generally pelt one another with very hard words; the one frowning menace, the other sneering contempt; till being both fairly out of breath, the prisoner rattles his chains to show his independence, and folding his arms, swings off

off triumphantly to his dungeon. The scene that follows is a very fine one, and by far the best in the piece: the following passage in Elvira's soliloquy is truly sublime:

“ Thou, whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled! thou, who on Panama's brow didst make alliance with the raving elements that tore the silence of that horrid night; when thou didst follow as thy pioneer the crashing thunder's drift, and stalking o'er the trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth! thou, who, when battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters, wast seen—as thou didst bestride a fragment of the smoking wreck—to wave thy glittering sword above thy head, as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity!”

This is a noble picture of the intrepidity of Pizarro, but it bears no likeness to the original, who, from first to last, is a common stage cut-throat in a black wig, delighting more in low cruelty than daring enterprise, without genius to design great plans, without spirit to execute them,  
meanly



meanly exulting in prosperity, basely dejected in adversity, bullied by a woman, and terrified by a dream.

We are now introduced to Alonzo in his cell, who, finding he has but an hour to live, determines “not to watch the coming dawn,” and liking “darkness better than light,” retires to an inward cavern in his prison to spend his remaining time in prayer. A personage now enters in the dress\* of a friar, who endeavours to prevail upon the centinel to grant him an interview with Alonzo; but finding he cannot succeed, offers a bribe: all this is natural enough. The bribe being refused, he addresses himself, as a dernier resort, to the Spaniard’s humanity, and his mode of doing this, I think, deserves some remark. Rolla asks him if he has a wife? Very luckily he has—Any children? Still more fortunately, four fine boys—Does he love his wife and children? He does, or at least says so, which here is the same thing—If he

---

\* PUFF.

I would not have you be too sure he is a beef-eater.

*Critic.*

was



was doomed to die the next day, what would be his last request? That some of his comrades should carry his dying blessing to his wife and children: to which the supposed friar replies, "Alonzo has a wife and child: I am come to receive for her and for her babe the last blessing of my friend." This *argumentum ad hominem* is irresistible, and the centinel immediately softens into compliance. But, if he had been a bachelor, or, being married, had happened not to have had children, or, having a wife and children, if it would not have been his fancy at the hour of death, that some of his comrades should carry his dying blessing to his wife and children, Rolla must have stopt short, and begun a new course of examination. This practice of bespeaking answers to questions, of creating an exact similarity of situation and sentiment between two persons who are perfect strangers to each other, and of characters perfectly dissimilar, is not the least happy deviation from nature in the work before us. The stranger, however, having obtained means to see Alonzo for a few moments, instead of flying to his cell, makes a soliloquy, in which he

introduces a very long simile ; after which he calls Alonzo, who, instead of being at prayers, is found “ in gentle sleep,” and being awakened, naturally enough inquires of Rolla how he could pass the guard ; Rolla having already wasted so much time in soliloquizing, observes, “ there is not a moment to be lost in words,” and then proceeds to inform Alonzo, that in passing the field of battle he robbed a friar of his canonicals, and in that disguise gained admittance. After a generous contest, usual in such cases, between Alonzo and his friend, the former is induced to leave Rolla in prison, and escape in the friar’s cloak, after having received this discreet admonition : “ Conceal thy face, and, that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains.”—Elvira now enters, for the purpose of instigating Alonzo to the murder of the Spanish chief ; but finding Rolla there in his stead, thinks he will do just as well, and immediately makes the proposal to him, who approves, it seems, of the *action*, but does not like the *means*, and gravely observes, “ The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good ; great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.”

means."—Does not the God of justice *sanctify* the amputation of a limb to save the rest of the body? Are not good and evil so inseparably blended with all our actions, that we cannot exist an hour without doing both? and is not the character of Rolla a complete exemplification of it? Of all stage nonsense such moral nonsense as this is the most insupportable. Upon Rolla's declining the proposal, Elvira determines to perpetrate the deed herself; but the Peruvian, out of a tender regard for her safety, and being now, it seems, reconciled to the *means*, undertakes it, and for that purpose exclaims with Lady Macbeth, "Give me the dagger."—We are now conducted to Pizarro's tent, who is described to be in "disturbed sleep\*." Indeed, how at such a crisis he could sleep at all may excite our wonder;

---

\* It may be collected, by comparing the following passages, how nearly *sleep* resembles *madness*.

(PIZARRO on a couch in disturbed sleep.)

PIZARRO.

(*In his sleep.*) No mercy, traitor!—Now at his heart—stand off there, you!—Let me see him bleed! Ha! Ha! Ha! Let me hear that groan again——



wonder; but a nap is the universal recipe throughout this piece for the cure of sorrow. Rolla, after viewing him for some time, exclaims, "God! can this man sleep!" and Pizarro, as if he was only counterfeiting, and had determined to hoax the Peruvian, starts and groans by way of answer, which is a new sleeping language, I suppose, to express a negative; for Rolla to have exclaimed, Can this man sleep without snoring! and for Pizarro immediately to have snored, would have been just as probable, and much more entertaining. Rolla again relapsing into his first opinion, that the *action* will not justify the *means*,

~~as he has now seen the danger. We are now conducted~~

to bed. (About a minute afterwards.)

Away! away! hideous fiends! Tear not my bosom thus!—

Pizarro.

TILBURINA (*mad*).

The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,

They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage!

Is this a grasshopper? Ha! no; it is my

Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—

I know you have him in your pocket—

An oyster may be cross'd in love! who says

A whale's a bird? Ha! did you call, my love?

—He's here! He's there! He's every where!—

Ah me! He's no where!

wakes



wakes Pizarro. This produces one of the finest situations the stage can boast, and, as far as I remember, perfectly new. After the Peruvian has made himself known to the Spaniard, Elvira enters, and finding the deed not done, boldly proclaims herself the instigator of it; whilst Rolla drily observes, "Had the *act* been as noble as the *motive*, he would not have shrunk from its performance;" the fact is, that, consistent with his general character, he would never have undertaken it: but when an author has determined to produce a great incident, he does not, like Rolla, scruple about the *means*. The ensuing scene between Elvira and Pizarro is spirited; but the following description of the tortures she is likely to experience is horrid and disgusting, and by far too anatomical to express the genuine feelings of nature.

"*Elv.* Yes; rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agoniz'd the human frame, it will be justice! Yes; bid the minions of thy fury *wrench forth the sinews* of those arms that have caress'd thee—even have defended thee! Bid them pour *burning metal* into the *bleeding cases* of these eyes

eyes; that so oft—oh God! have hung with love and homage on thy looks!—then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel—there glut thy savage eyes with the *convulsive spasms* of that dishonoured bosom which was once thy pillow!”—She is now carried off without the least effort on the part of Rolla to save her, notwithstanding he had the strongest claim upon Pizarro’s generosity, and might, probably, have successfully interfered on her behalf.

The fifth act opens with some very fine thunder and lightning. Cora is running about wild and distracted\*. In the back ground, very visible to the audience, but entirely out of the sight of Cora, is a hut: the child is sleeping very soundly on a bed of leaves and moss, it being an invariable rule, as I have before observed, with the personages of this drama, always to sleep in situations of imminent peril or extreme distress. We are first presented with a soliloquy, the pauses of which receive great

---

\* PUFF.

Now she comes in, stark mad, in white satin.

Critic.

addi-

additional effect from a judicious mixture of thunder and lightning, in which the latter sometimes forgets its title to precedence, and follows the thunder at a respectable distance. After the soliloquy we are favoured with a song, which is pretty enough, except that

“ Unconscious that *eternal* night  
Veils his for *ever*,”

is putting a nail more in a man's coffin than there is any occasion for. However, the song certainly has merit, and of a peculiar kind, inasmuch as it makes the thunder and lightning a part of the audience; for these elements, with extreme complaisance and good breeding, contrive to be neither seen nor heard during its continuance. After the song, we have another soliloquy, interspersed, like the former, with thunder and lightning. The voice of Alonzo is now heard at a distance, and Cora, perhaps naturally enough, quits her child, and runs to him. The child in the interim is carried off by two Spanish soldiers, who enter for no other purpose, one of whom sagaciously observes, "The sun, though



though clouded, is on our left ;" a point that could not possibly create any doubt. — Let us now return to Pizarro's camp, to which Rolla has been brought back by the Spaniards, who take him for a spy. The two soldiers return with the child, which Rolla, finding entreaties ineffectual to obtain, violently seizes in the midst of the Spanish camp, and retires with him, threatening destruction to the first man who follows him. The Spaniards are at first "planet-struck," but recovering from their amazement in about a minute and a half, pursue the Peruvian, and shoot him mortally as he crosses a bridge. This seems to redouble his strength; for with the vigour of Samson, and in violation of a good old proverb, he breaks down the bridge he has passed over, and regains the Peruvian army just in time to present the child to his parents, and dies immediately, ending his own troubles and those of the infant, who, considering his *tender years*, has perhaps the most *arduous character* to sustain in this bustling drama. — A second battle now takes place between the Spaniards and Peruvians, which is decided by a single combat be-

tween



tween Alonzo and Pizarro, the former of whom is beat down, and on the point of being killed, but is providentially preserved by Elvira, who enters not like Tilburina "in white satin," but habited like a nun\* in the identical dress she wore when seduced from a convent by Pizarro, and who, impelled thither "by an awful impulse, which her soul could not resist," presents him in the very nick of time with the weapon, with which he immediately kills Pizarro.—Elvira retires to lead a life of penitence, after giving them all some very good advice ; and the piece concludes with a funeral dirge over the dead body of Rolla, to which the curtain slowly descends.

Such is the celebrated tragedy of Pizarro, which appears to me in plot, character, and language, equally deficient. The want of greatness of mind in the character of Pizarro I have already observed upon. Rolla, the chief hero of the piece, though

---

\* It is somewhat remarkable that Alonzo should have owed his former escape to a *sham friar*, and his latter to a *counterfeit nun*.

his actions are in general great and noble, has nothing characteristic in his manner of doing them. Cora is extremely insipid from first to last. The king of the Peruvians, though a very good sort of man, cuts but a sorry figure as a monarch. The mixed dignity and tenderness of Elvira is well supported, and her character, with the exception of now and then lapsing a little too much into the virago, is by far the best in the piece. The plot in the two first acts is uninteresting in the extreme; it much improves in the third; but falls off at the conclusion of the fourth; and almost all the incidents of the fifth are a disgrace to the English stage. The language, in general, is inflated and unnatural; in many passages spirited; in one or two sublime. The sentiments are, for the most part, trite and threadbare, now and then pretty and natural; and the images, with the exception of very few, have long since familiarized themselves to the frequenters of the theatre. Having never read the original, or any translation of this play, I know not whether the remarks I have made apply to its author or adapter; I trust they are

founded in justice; I know they are suggested by impartiality; and I submit them to the cool reflection of the admirers of Pizarro.

DON CARLOS.

PRINCE ROYAL OF SPAIN

3476 MOHT

GERMAN OF SCHILLER

THE END.

FEES CO

THE GENOISE CONSPIRACY

FROM THE

GERMAN OF SCHILLER

BOOKS )

LATELY PUBLISHED FOR  
*W. MILLER, Old Bond Street.*  
to the cool reflection of the admirers of  
Pizzaro

---

**DON CARLOS,  
PRINCE ROYAL OF SPAIN.**

FROM THE

**GERMAN OF SCHILLER,**

*Translated by Messrs. NOEHDEN and STODART.—Price 5s.*



---

**FIESCO;**

OR,

**THE GENOESE CONSPIRACY.**

FROM THE

**GERMAN OF SCHILLER,**

*By the Translators of the above.—Price 3s. 6d.*

---

**SKETCHES OF MODERN LIFE;**

OR,

**MAN AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.**

A NOVEL.

*In Two Volumes.—Price 7s. sewed.*